CHEER-I-O

No. 1. NOVEMBER, 1918. Price 3d.

COMPILED & PRINTED BY THE PATIENTS & STAFF
OF THE MILITARY ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL.
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SPECIAL MILITARY SURGICAL HOSPITAL,
SHEPHERDS BUSH, W.12.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

AT last! The dream has materialised! The reproach is taken away from one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, orthopædic hospital in the world. The long-talked of Magazine is an accomplished fact. We have now a medium through which we can chronicle eventful happenings, discuss the whims and characteristics of our hospital population — medicos and men, sisters and staff, grave and gay. Here the serious can ventilate his seriousness, the humourist can air his pretty wit, the growler can make known his complaints, the victim of the nurse's tyranny can get one back on his tormentor, and the padre can preach his sermon. And all will be sure of an audience for we hope to circulate at least a thousand copies.

In this our first number we should like to express our hope that

the magazine will be a source of pleasure, amusement, and instruction. We invite criticism, candid, but kind. Our readers know the story of how an audience in a Western State concert, while listening to a singer whose notes were far removed from the note of the nightingale, was tenderly asked not to shoot the singer as he was doing his best. Well, we ask our readers neither literally nor metaphorically to shoot the editorial staff. We have done our best. We have had no apprenticeship in the editorial chair. Our skins are thick enough to bear friendly, even severe criticism, but we shall expect our critics to assist in improving our efforts.

We have discovered much latent talent among our staff and patients. There must be much yet undiscovered. We invite the co-operation of writers and artists. Contributions of general interest are required. Let them contain a vein of humour that will help to bring a smile to some pain-racked patient. "Oh God, let me make somebody laugh today," is not a bad prayer. Here is a medium for the embryo-journalist, a field for the budding artist.

Our cover deserves a word of commendation; it was designed by Air-Mechanic Colton, who is responsible for several of the illustrations. We are much indebted to him for his valuable services. The title "Cheerio" was chosen a year or more ago when the magazine was first mooted.

We present in this first issue the photo of our esteemed Commanding Officer, Lieut-Colonel Hill.

Lieut-Colonel Hill has been on the staff of the hospital ever since it was opened. He has done valuable work, and none more valuable than that which he has done in co-operation with His Majesty King Manuel, the fitting up of the splendid workshops which are a feature of the hospital, in which many of the patients have been trained for civil life.

This magazine is a specimen of the work done in the printing department.

There is an excellent article on the workshops by King Manuel in the August number of "*Reveille.*"

Since going to press the name of the hospital has been changed from "Military Orthopædic Hospital" to "Special Military Surgical Hospital."

ENTERTAINMENTS.

On Wednesday, Oct. 8th., the Ladies Trio, piano, violin, and violincello from the Three Arts Club discoursed sweet music in the Hut from 12.30 to 3.pm. It is hoped they will repeat their visit.

On October 23rd. an accomplished lady banjoist from the same club entertained the boys from 12.0 to 2.0. The performance was much appreciated.

Mr. George Clarke the well known Billiard expert and a great favourite in the Hut, has now joined the army and appeared in khaki on October 25th. He was accompanied by Mr. Elphick, and the two gave a capital display in a game of 400 up. Mr. Clarke beat his opponent. Both gentlemen afterwards gave an exhibition in trick strokes.

DRINK.

Silence reigned supreme in A 6 Ward of the South Block. Lights had been put out ten minutes ago, the night Sister had been round, and everybody was supposed to be asleep. Only they weren't. They never are!

The silence was broken by "Darkie" of the R.F.A. Ain't it blooming reedicklus, making a bloke go ter bed at eight o'clock?" he queried.

Receiving no answer from the rest of the ward he supplied it himself. "Yus, it is," he said "W'y, if I was back in civvy life agin I would just be startin' the evenin' now. 'Red Lion,' 'Crahn and Anchor,' 'Gate in the Field.' 'Ere!" He interrupted his reminiscence sharply. "Wot wou'd yer say to a pot of four an' 'arf now? aye Cockney?"

'Cockney' of the Fusiliers delivered himself of a very emphatic "Wot O!"

"They don't serve beer in pots now," said a voice from the end of the ward; "they serves it in glasses, Lloyd George glasses, three to a pint!"

"Don't make no diff'rence to me," said Darkie, "Id drink it out of anythin', an' 'ave done so too." "Yus!" he went on in a reminiscent tone, "I seen beer served up in glasses, an' tins, an' pails, an' I seen it served up in buckets."

"Gawd!" said Cockney awestruck, "Wish I'd been there. W'ere wos that?"

"In Belgium. We wos at an old farm, gittin' corn fer the 'orses, an' I ses to the orf'cer, I ses, 'Ask 'im if 'e's got any beer sir.' An' 'e ses 'Ask 'im yourself.' So I asks 'im, an' 'e cou'dn't compray, so we 'ad to 'ave the orf'cer after all. So 'e ses, 'Ow many men is there?' So I tells 'im, an' we 'ad the beer in a bucket—two glasses each, an' I served it out, so I'ad three."

"W'ere wos the sergint?" asked Cockney.

"The sergint? W'y wots 'e got ter do with it?"

"Well, if 'e'd er been there, you wou'dn't er got no three glasses."

"Well, 'e wosn't there, so I got me three glasses. Not that I'm partial to Belgium beer," he went on, "tastes diff'rent to the beer you gets in Blighty."

A Corporal of the A.S.C. occupying the end bed now stirred himself, and sitting up delivered himself solemnly, "I can tell you how many glasses of beer I had before I joined the army!"

"How many?" and twelve pairs of ears listened expectantly for the answer.

"Six! And I'm forty-two come next June."

"Wot! Six glasses o' beer in forty years?"

"Yes!"

"Well, orl I can say is, yore edoocashun's been 'orribly niglectid," commented Cockney disgustedly.

"Torking about beer," said a voice from the end of the ward, "I 'ear as 'ow they're going to put the price up, bob a pint!"

"Yes, and a jolly good job too," said the corporal.

"I don't care if it's ten bob a pint, I'm goin' to 'ave some," said Darkie. "Wot O, for the old 'Red Lion' an' a pint er mild an' bitter, aye boys?"

Everybody, with the exception of the corporal, relapsed into a contemplative silence, a silence in which each saw in his mind's eye, the 'Red Lion' and the glorious doings there would be there. It was broken by the corporal. "Beer's the downfall of England!"

"Wot!" yelled twelve indignant voices.

"Careful!" cautioned the infantry corporal in charge of the ward. "Careful, you'll have old Aunt Polly in after us."

'Aunt Polly' was the night sister.

"I don't care!" said the A.S.C. corporal doggedly. "If I had my way, all the breweries would have been closed long ago, and all alkerolick drinks stopped."

Thud!

A slipper hit the wall above his bed, and for a minute things looked like becoming lively. The uproar was averted by the Royal Engineer in the next bed.

"Well!" he said in an argumentive tone; "An' wot wou'd yer do wiv all the blokes wot wos chucked out of work?"

"Do wiv 'em! Do wiv 'em! Why put them to work making boots and shoes for all the kids that you see running about barefoot, because their parents spends all the money on drink."

"Garn!" said the R.E. scornfully, "W'ere d'ye get yer statisticks from?"

This was certainly a poser, and the corporal pondered over it for a few seconds.

"Well!" he said slowly, seeming to weigh each word carefully before uttering it, "there's many a man what was only earning thirty shillings a week, that only used to give his wife about eighteen and she'd spend about half on drink"—

"You ain't got no right to say that," broke in Cockney pugnaciously. "You ain't got no right to say that about any woman. Any woman wot is a woman, don't do that, she looks ar'ter 'er kids, she do."

There was a chorus of approval from the rest of the ward.

"I don't care," said the Corporal still dogged, "I know thousands of women wot does."

"Wot!"

"I said I knows thousands of women what does!"

"Can you prove it?"

"Yes!"

"Well orl I can say is, you been mixing in 'orrible bad company."

"I don't care, I"—

"Garn! Put a sock in it!"

"You go to 'ell"

"Wot!!"

You go to————" 'Allow! 'Allow!!" The R.A.M.C Corporal on night duty opened the door and stood there lantern in hand. "What's the matter with you chaps to-night?" he asked irritably. "Come! You'll have to stop all this noise you know. Its nearly ten o'clock. Now don't let me hear any more of it!" And with this final warning he went out, closing the door after him.

There was silence in the ward save for the rustling of the bed-clothes as some turned over for the last time. It was broken by the Infantry Corporal.

"Well! Good night chaps," he said.

"Good night Corp.!"

"Goo' night Corp'ril!"

"'Night Corp'ral"

Then from the A.S.C. Corporal; "Well good night Cockney!"

Goo' night Corp'ril! 'Night All!"

"*Good* night!" said the irrepressible Darkie. "An' 'orl *I* can say is, if the sea was beer, I'd 'erv droundid meself long ago!!"

Special Military Surgical Hospital.

CHAILEY NOTES.

"Laugh and grow fat" might well be written over the door of the Princess Louise Military Orthopædic Hospital at Chailey (an annexe to Shepherd's Bush Military Orthopædic Hospital), for the soldiers there seem to laugh incessantly, and they certainly grow fat. "Soldier Students" they are proud to be called, and the title is an apt one, for the Chailey men work and play with indescribable vigour. Very rarely does one come across a man who is content to drift through an easy convalescence and take no interest in the many things going on around him. Various trades are attempted, and some with conspicuous success, and whatever it is not possible to learn at home, those capable of taking instruction elsewhere are taught at the various centres.

Thus it comes about that diamond polishing, cinema operating, advanced bootmaking, commercial classes, electrical engineering, motor mechanics, etc., can be taken up in the Queen Mary's Workshops, Brighton, whilst woodwork, typewriting, shorthand, all kinds of agricultural work on the land, the care of rabbits, bees, poultry, pigs, etc., can be learnt on the grounds attached to the hospital.

The whole hospital is one vast music school; there is a choirmaster and organist attached, and already some of the more gifted of the Soldier Students are attending glee and madrigal classes and form a private military choir for the Chapel on Sundays.

The hospital apiary and rabbitry have been made in the workshops, and round sunny corners and out on the open common in a bank of heather, one comes across, here and there, an embroidery student. Really beautiful work seems to grow under their fingers, and this subject is taught by a most distinguished artist.

Very shortly an exhibition of work is to be held which will prove better than anything else the value of the craft classes.

Attached to the hospital is a most artistic teacher in leather work, and under his guiding hand most beautiful umbrella handles, dog whips, etc., are carved and ornamented and mounted into saleable articles which would do credit to any of the best London shops.

But enough of the crafts for the moment: a fuller account shall be sent later.

Of the sports let it be said that the hospital has lost but one match this season, and that, the first. Football was constantly played before giving way to cricket; but perhaps the greatest enthusiasm in team games has been aroused by stoolball, a very ancient Sussex game revived in the interests of wounded soldiers. Here the Hospital has excelled itself, and Colonel Hill has every reason to be proud of the fact that not only has every match been won, but the highest score ever made in any individual match has been made by the Princess Louise team. Their last and greatest victory was versus a team of able bodied officers from Maresfield Park. The result of the return match cannot be given here as it has yet to be played.

Before very long we venture to think this hospital will be a veritable hive of industry, where anyone without definite occupation will feel quite out of the running.

There is no space to tell of the various billiard handicaps, whist drives, concerts, or the hundred and one interests of this kind; but suffice

it to say that the Princess Louise Military Orthopaedic Hospital is second to none in its determination to uphold all the best traditions of Shepherds Bush, and that the coming winter holds all sorts of possibilities as yet undreamt of, of new opportunities, new classes, new occupations and handicrafts, which will all go to prove that the winter in the country can be as interesting and as happy as the summer, and that for every man a change from London to surroundings like these can be turned to wonderful account.

Not long since an ex-soldier student surprised us all by sending a large cheque for the St. Nicholas' Home for Raid-Shock Children, the proceeds of the sale of his book of poems which he wrote whilst in this Hospital.

Of the results of the agricultural soldier students' work more must be written later, when the various industries are paying their way.

Nor is it the more able bodied who are showing this keen desire to work; many of our "carriage folk" are the keenest of soldier students, and make the most persistent use of every opportunity given them.

"Laetus Sore Mea" is the motto of the Heritage Craft Schools and "Happy in my lot" is certainly written on the faces of all the soldier students in this hospital, as it is on the faces of the little children who for years past have been accustomed to greet one every morning with smiling faces and to learn at Chailey "The courage to bear, and the courage to dare, are really one and the same."

G. T. KIMMISS,
COMMANDANT.

Overheard at the "Eagle Hut," (presumably confused with "coal-boxes' and similar shells). *American Sailor* :—Say : What kind of explosive are these GERMAM PILL-BOXES ?

AN INCIDENT IN FRANCE.

We all liked Rutherford, though perhaps he was too pink and white and didn't particularly care about joining in some of our roughest and wildest games—but, you see, it was evident he had been better educated and probably came from more refined surroundings than the rest of us, and he was a jolly, generous, plucky chap, and so we forgave him for being a bit reserved and keeping rather exclusively to himself. He was always called "Fanny" by us on account of his delicate skin and general effect of almost feminine refinement. For some time our crowd didn't have much show in the way of fighting, but we had a deuce of a lot of waiting to do and that got on our nerves pretty badly. Rutherford was great during these trying times and always had a joke or a story to tell, or started some silly game or other that distracted our thoughts and passed the time away. Well—one day—our time came, and I don't care to tell my dearest pal what it was like. All I know is there can be no more Hell for the Galloway Rifles—after That. "Fanny" Rutherford's number was up, and another chap and I carried him back into our lines. Our Padre (one of the best) took charge of the body—as he had tried, I know, to help the soul—and I can still hear the cry that came from the Padre's lips as he looked closely at the poor dead frame, loosened the blood-stained tunic—and saw . . . . . .

We buried Rutherford in a dell near a little French village, and a tiny wooden cross marks the resting-place of our brave comrade. The simple inscription is this—"To the memory of Private Fanny Rutherford—Battn. Royal Galloway Rifles,"—for, strangely enough, that was her name.

BELGIUM, 1916.

°°○○○°°

Gaunt black wrecks in a Land of Doom,
The whine of a shell
Thro' the reddening gloom,
And a blood-red sky over all—

A moving mite—
A watching eye—
A spurt of flame—
A startled cry—
A sob of pain—
A tottering fall—

And—
A blood-streaked face to a blood-streaked sky,
And the silence of Death over all.

Gaunt black ghosts in the Land of Doom.
The whine of a shell
Thro' the reddening gloom,
And the sky blood red over all.

Leonard Lewis, (Corpl.)

THE REASON.

It was a typical London night. Outside a cold drizzly rain was slowly but persistently falling. I was riding inside the 'Bus, travelling citywards, to keep an appointment with a friend. I had left home rather late, and was in a hurry. Luckily so was the driver, evidently.

The bus was pitching and swaying and skidding all over the road, but anyway we were getting along pretty quick. That was the main consideration from my point. Consequently, just after we had left one recognised stopping place, I was by no means pleased to hear a clatter on the steps as somebody began to descend. A pair of legs clad in the familiar hospital blue appeared. The lady conductor pulled the bell cord and the bus began to slow up. I looked up—a far from genial look—to see who this was, who had not the sense to get out at the right place and so detaining me, a hurrying citizen from my already late appointment.

"It's alright, miss," a cheery voice cried, "don't pull up, I only want to get inside. It's raining like the deuce outside and I mustn't get wet on any account." The owner of the voice then appeared, a big cheerful looking wounded Tommy.

There was an empty seat near me and he made for it. The bus at that moment gave a sudden lurch, and he sat down rather abruptly on me.

"Sorry!" he gasped.

"Quite all right," I replied, and smiled in spite of myself. He was such a cheerful looking chap that I couldn't help it, and apart from that I was interested. His "I mustn't get wet on any account" had aroused my curiosity. It was so unlike a wounded Tommy to be afraid of getting wet, and this one looked less like being worried over that than any I had met, he was such a big cheerful looking specimen.

I decided to get into conversation with him. "Wounded?" I queried, and could have kicked myself immediately afterwards.

He grinned. "Hullo," he said, "the same old question. Yes, I am wounded. In France," he added.

"It's pretty rough out there, isn't it?" I asked.

"Oh yes," he answered. "The—— It's not so bad," he finished lamely, in that non-committal way that all Tommies adopt when talking of France.

I smiled wickedly. "Hullo," I said, "same old answer."

We both laughed together.

"Oh well," he said, turning to me, "it's really not so very bad you know after all's said. Of course it's pretty horrible sometimes, but there is a fair amount of sport in it."

"Yes, I suppose there is," I said, "but," I added, "I have been told, that it's not so much the actual fighting as the conditions, food, and the weather, you know, that the chaps don't like."

"That's a fact," he agreed, and grinned reminiscently. "How would you like a piece of wet bread and cheese, covered in pea-powder, for your Xmas dinner? That was mine last Xmas."

"Yes, that is certainly rather rough," I answered. "And the weather too," I went on, "that makes things worse doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does that. I've stood in the trench many a time, soaking wet through, when the only dry spot has been my throat."

"Still you get used to it," he added, "I got used to it anyway.

Why, if I had all the colds that ought to be coming to me, I'd be coughing for the next ten years."

I caught a glimpse of the road outside through the bus window, and realised that I was near my destination "I get down here," I said, "but before I go, tell me one thing. If you have been wet through many a time and have got used to it, why did you come down off the top? Why mustn't you get wet on any account?"

He looked at me and grinned, the wide eyed, delighted grin of a schoolboy who has been up to mischief and knows it.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you."

"Its like this. I'm in hospital near here. We are allowed out from two till four. Its now seven o'clock. I've got to get in unoffially over a wall. Officially since four o'clock I've been in another ward talking to a chum. The sister will be in the ward when I get back. It would be rather funny if she wanted to know how I managed to get wet through talking to a chum in another ward, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," I said, as I rose from my seat, "It would."

ENTERTAINMENT.

On Tuesday October 8th., Mr. de Kuyper gave his interesting and remarkable exhibition of hand stroke billiards, playing three games against patients of the hospital, in one of which he narrowly escaped defeat. His opponents were Messrs. Giffen, Riding and Kitchenham.

Mr. de Kuyper kindly brought with him a liberal supply of cigarettes presented to him by kind friends interested in our patients.

An exhibition of trick strokes terminated Mr. de Kuyper's entertainment which was greatly appreciated.

"IF,"—(for Nurses).

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling).

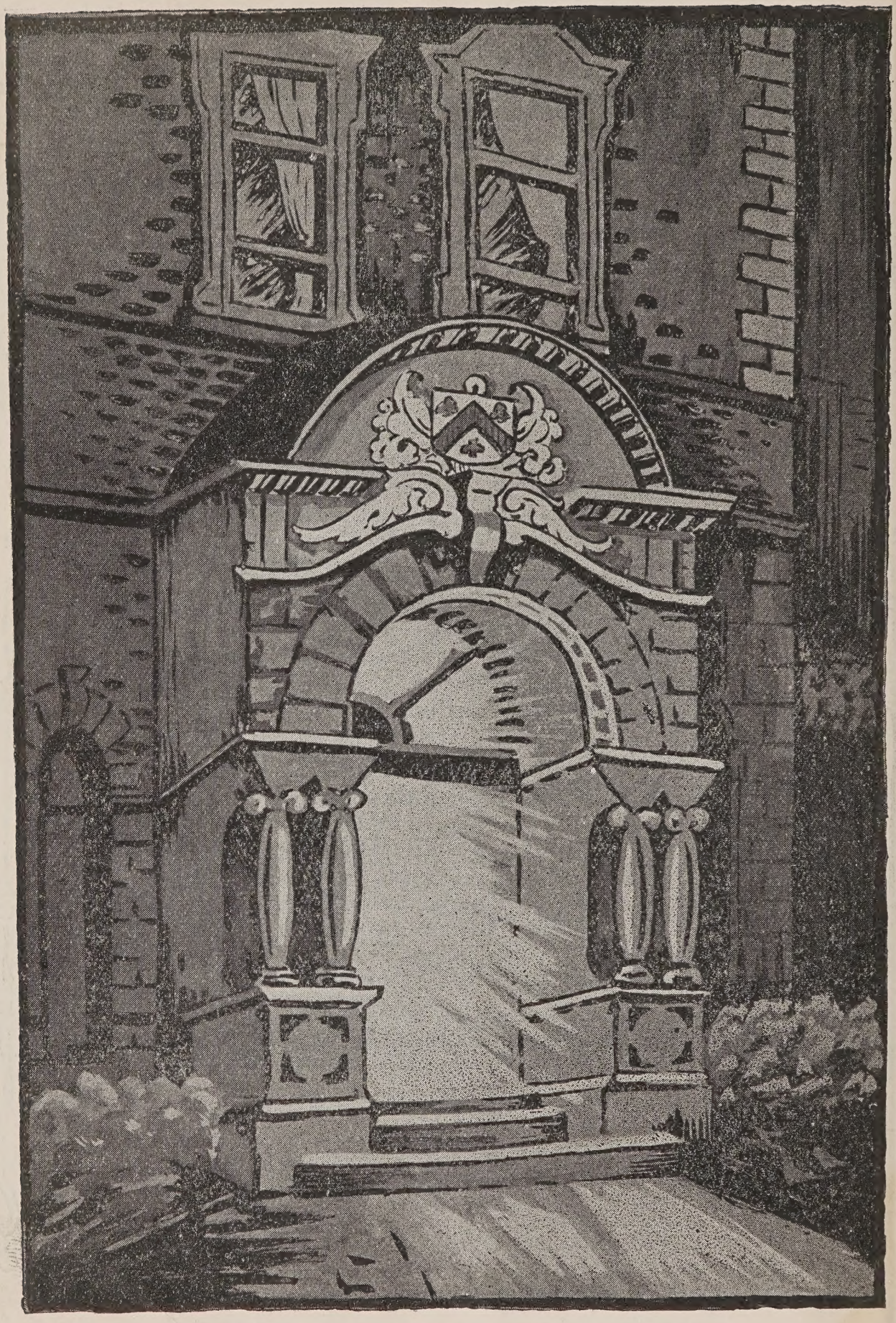
If you can keep your cap when winds about you
  Are blowing others off, midst soldiers' mirth,
If you can keep on smiling when no doubt you
  Would like to say to folks "get off the earth!"
If you can dust—and not be tired of dusting,
  Or lockers being dirty, not get "fed;"
And not give way to tears when Matron tells you
  Your 'Night off' is a 'Morning off' instead.

If you can 'dress,' and not be filled with faintness,
  If you can 'probe,' and think it not a shame,
If you can meet both officer and private
  And treat those two "lead-swingers" just the same.
If you can make a steaming fomentation
  Twisted in towels to cure a sceptic spot
And drop it—and with ne'er a lamentation
  Pick up the rag, and make it doubly hot.

If you can make one dose of Potass Bromide,
  And give it to your patients ev'ry one.
And then find out it should have been Cascara,
  And never breathe a word of what you've done.
If you can make a bed, say six times daily,
  With the maximum of bustle and unrest,
And tell a patient—*and* make him believe you—
  When you hurt him "That it all is for the best."

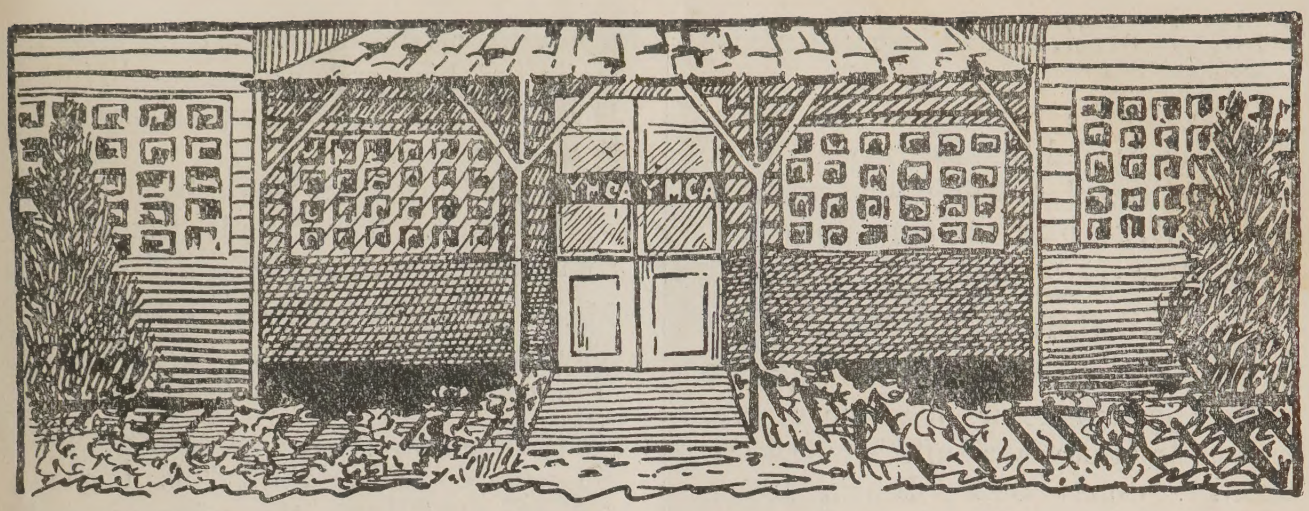
If you can tell us off—nor lose your temper,
  Or joke with us—and not forget your place,
If you can contrive to look your sweetest
  With the wee-est bit of powder on your face,
If you can fill the horrid hyperdermic
  With twenty minims worth of 'pain at end,'
Yours is the ward, and all that there is in it,
  And—which is more—you'll be a NURSE, my friend.

L. Lewis, Corpl.



THE "EVER OPEN DOOR."

(Drawn by A/M Colton, a patient in the hospital.)



HUT NOTES.

THE Y.M.C.A. Hut continues to go strong. Mr. and Mrs. Rigby Murray are indefatigable in their efforts to make the Hut a real "Home from Home" for the boys. They work in the hut all day, and seem to spend their evenings devising new schemes to instruct and entertain their huge adopted family. Several interesting billiard exhibitions have been given by well known players—Mr. Gask, Mr. Crossland and Miss Ruby Roberts. The latter played two games of 250 up (conceeding 75) with Sgt. Illing and Pte. Alexander. The former played a good game and won.

The tables are in excellent condition and the experts who have visited the Hut have expressed their appreciation of the great care that has been taken of them. Competitions have been held from time to time, and new players are constantly coming to the fore. Sgt. Illing secured Mrs. Murray's Championship Cup. (This cup is now to be competed for every three months instead of six, and becomes the property of anyone winning it twice in succession). Sgt. Illing also won the handicap, the runner up being Sgt. Green. In a one-armed handicap Pte. Morton was the successful competitor. He gave quite a good display of the game considering his disability. The prizes in each case were given by Mrs. Rigby Murray.

Mr. W. Stevens of Acton kindly offered a cue for a Novices' Handicap and Mrs. Murray added a second cue for the runner up. The winners were 1st. Pte. Kitchenham, 2nd. Pte. Colmer.

Several exhibitions are expected in the near future as Mr. Gask, the well known amateur has promised a return visit, and Mr. de Kuyper intends to come and give another of his wonderful exhibitions.

The Leader of the Hut regrets that at present it is most difficult to get regular supplies of matches or the favourite brands of cigarettes, but no doubt this little difficulty will be overcome when this little war is over, and meanwhile a little patience is requested by the Leader.

Suggestions will be gladly received by Mr. and Mrs. Murray by which recreation, comfort, instruction, appetite etc., can be better catered for in the Boys' Hut.

We offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Murray who, with four of her helpers (nominated by her), attended the Y.M.C.A. and received the Order of the Red Triangle from

the hands of H.R.H Princess Helena Victoria.

Owing to the opening of the New Chapel a second Silence Room is now at the disposal of those who wish to write letters, play draughts, or other quiet games.

PERSONAL PARS.

Friends of the "Boys in Blue."

I once saw a picture of a countryman reading an electorial result. The placard stated : Jones 500 ; Brown 488 ; Majority 2. The countryman's comment was, "Old Majority a'int got many, have he?"

Now imagine a ballot being taken in this Hospital as to who should occupy top place among "Friends of the Boys in Blue." We think "Old Majority" would run a close second even if he did not succeed in making a dead heat of it.

And the winners? Why Mr. & Mrs. Rigby Murray, the respected and popular leaders of the popular "Home from Home"—the Y.M.C.A. Hut. We have known kindly people who have given a few days a week; we have known some who have given months, but for steady perseverance in well doing for the "Boys in Blue" commend me to Mr. and Mrs. Rigby Murray. For nearly two years they have literally given their lives for their boys. They have an estate in Scotland, but I don't think they have seen it all that time. They hear from time to time that it is still there.

Mr.and Mrs. Rigby Murray not only supply us with the ordinary Y.M.C.A. stores. They cater for our amusement, and provide us with teachers for our intellectual improvement. They are friend and confidant, father and mother to us all. And Mrs. Murray is as well known in the wards as in the Hut, where she brings a bit of sunshine, and often something a bit more substantial, to the patients in bed. And to see Mr. Murray greet an old patient, back again in civil life, with that cheery smile of his, and a hearty- "Hullo George; I am glad to see you"—well it is a real treat.

Yes, I fancy there would be no doubt of the ballot. The result would be something like this :—

Mr. & Mrs. Rigby Murray 1,000 votes.
The others 1
(Someone who voted for himself)
Majority 999

So you see "Old Majority" is a good second. God bless the winners and may they be with us till the "Great Peace" is proclaimed.

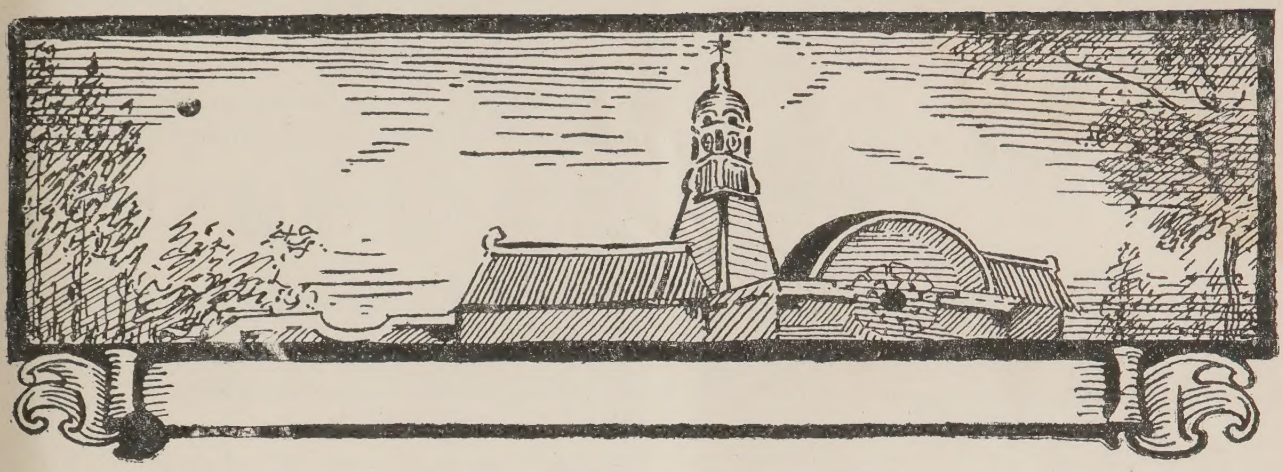
To all it may concern.—It is better to leave the Y.M.C.A. mugs, basins, cups, spoons, gramophone records and needles, and library books *in the Hut*, and not take them to the wards or elsewhere, as otherwise some little time may be required for their collection.

It is also just as well to remember that the Hut opens at 12 noon, and closes at 7 p.m. by order of the Officer Commanding the Hospital.

Owing to lack of attendance and interest the Drawing and Painting lessons have had to be abandoned and a similar fate seems to be awaiting the French class.

A new bagatelle table has been presented by a friend, and various water-colour sketches by patients adorn the walls of the Silence Rooms.

Mrs. Rigby Murray wishes to acknowledge with grateful pleasure the unvarying courtesy shewn to her and her helpers since the opening of the Hut in Jan. 1917, and her appreciation of the friendly attitude adopted to the "Boys' Club" not only by the patients but all the authorities, officials, and staff of the Hospital.



CHAPEL NOTES.

A New Chapel was opened on August 8th. Through the efforts of the Rev. J. W. Woodhouse, a former chaplain, about £300 was raised for the building. This was handed over to the Y.M.C.A. who have put up a pretty little place for worship. The Rev. H. B. Chapman of the Royal Chapel of the Savoy, and the Rev. John Holland gave two very interesting addresses at the open ceremony.

Several gifts have been received—a lectern, credence table, kneelers, altar vases and candlesticks. Three beautiful panels have been painted by a patient, Rifleman P. J. Walford, the centre being the Crucifixion and the side panels St. John and St. Luke. Altar rails are being made in the workshops.

On Sunday, Sept. 22nd., a Harvest Thanksgiving service was held. The Matron and nurses had very tastefully decorated the chapel. Gifts of fruit, flowers, vegetables, and eggs were sent, and these were afterwards distributed to the patients.

SERVICES—CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Holy Communion at 6.30 a.m. and 11.0 a.m. on 1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays in the month.

Holy Communion at 6.30 a.m. and 8.15 a.m. on 2nd and 4th Sundays in the month.

Parade Service at 10.0 a.m.

Evening Service at 7.30 p.m.

Intercession Service on Wednesdays and Fridays at 1.0 p.m.

Evening Service on Wednesday at 9.0 p.m.

Preparation Service for Holy Communion on Saturday at 9.0 p.m.

M. W. LUMSDEN, S.C.F.

SERVICES—NON-CONFORMISTS.

Sundays at 9 a.m. **Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7. p.m.**

F. H. LODGE, Chaplain.

The Chapel is always open for private prayer.

We shall be glad to receive contributions—short stories, limericks, jokes, poems, sketches, or anything of interest. Please send as soon as possible to the "Editor", Chaplain's Room, North Block.

We hope every man in the hospital will take one or more copies of the magazine as we must have a circulation of about 1,000 copies if it is to be a financial success.

Things we want to know.

How is it the workshops get a cigarette issue at least once a week while the rest of the patients average one packet of woodbines in three weeks?

Why spoil "Outings for Wounded" by accepting invitations with no intention of going?

When is the approach to the Y.M.C.A. Hut going to be made fit for wheeled chairs?

When is a new billiard table to be provided for the wounded officers' mess?

If a flying man in the new uniform was pointed out the other day as "The Lavatory Attendant at Selfridges'?"

Who was the R.A.M.C. Staff Sergeant who tried to fix a fire hydrant to a 3ft. manhole?

Why soldiers on crutches are carried free in certain provincial towns and not in London?

Which of the patients told his medical officer he was "Aiken" all over?

Which of the chaplains, after receiving great kindness from the O.C. and his gracious partner, took for his text, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills?"

If the hospital orchestra is inclined to play "Sharp"?

oooooo

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Functional*":- You are quite right: THE "MESSENGER" sent out by Noah was a bird (a dove in fact.) The statement to which you refer must have alluded to some other MESSENGER.

"*Oppressed*":- Yes, yes, we quite understand, but you must expect "MANUEL" labour in the workshops.

"*Drenched*":- No! the profits on our first number are not to be given to the Chaplain's holiday fund. We thought of applying them to the erection of a monument to mark the place where a rest shelter MIGHT HAVE BEEN at the end of Ducane Road.

oooooo

THREE INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE AT THE M O H

oooooo

There's summat as draws him up,
And summat as drags him down,
And the consequence is—a wobble—
'Twixt muck and a golden crown.

oooOooo

Inscription in a British Cemetery in France—

"When you go home, tell them of us and say,
For your tomorrow these gave their today."

oooooo

DOUBLE ACROSTIC (Uprights.)

In the Initials we are always busy,
In the Finals we are oftimes dizzy.

1. Part of a bird or an army we see,
2. Officer's servant, wherever he be.
3. Is it pecular? Tars love it well.
4. Whence comes this tempting, savory smell?
5. Here lies the bones of some of our lads.
6. See how they charge at the foul German cads.
7. Here you have stopped when you travel in France.
8. In South America: guessed at a glance.
9. Here to recover you have a good chance.

A prize is offered for the first correct solution handed in to the Chaplain's room.

THE END